

In Recital

Melanie Hartman, soprano

assisted by

Georgina Williams, piano

Wednesday, April 26, 2000 at 8:00 pm



Convocation
Hall

**Arts Building
University of Alberta**



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

Meinem Hirten bleib ich treu

from Cantata 92 (**Ich hab in Gottes Herz und Sinn**) (1725)

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Guest artist: **Maya Rathnavalu**, violin

If Music be the Food of Love (1692-1695)

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

An Evening Hymn (1688)

I Attempt from Love's Sickness (1695)

Schneeglöckchen (1849)

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Der Nussbaum (1840)

Intermezzo (1840)

Er ist's (1849)

Intermission

Batti, batti o bel Massetto

from the opera **Don Giovanni** (1787)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Mai (1871)

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Mandoline (1891)

Ici-bas (1877)

Reve d'Amour (1875)

Under the Greenwood Tree (1740)

Thomas Augustine Arne
(1710-1778)

Come Away, Death (1741)

Ariel's Song (Where the Bee Sucks) (1746)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Hartman.

Translation

Meinem Hirten bleib ich treu (I will remain true to my Shepherd)

I will remain true to my Shepherd, though my cup of pain overflow, I will rest in His will, and He will stand by me in suffering. For after tears Jesus' sun will shine again. I will live for Jesus and He will direct me. Rejoice, my heart, that you will cease to beat, for Jesus has done enough. Amen; Father, receive me!

Schneeglöckchen (Snowdrop)

The snow, that only yesterday in little flakes fell from the sky, hangs now congealed, a little bell, on tender stem. Snowdrop, its little bell is ringing; what does it mean in the still wood? Oh quickly come! There in the wood it rings in spring. Oh come you leaves, blossom and flower, you that yet dream. Come all into spring's holy bower! Come, tarry not!

Der Nussbaum (The Nut-Tree)

A nut-tree unfolds its green before the house; fragrantly, airily, it spreads its leaves. It bears many sweet blossoms; soft breezes come and caress them. They whisper together in their pairs, bowing their delicate heads to kiss. They whisper of a young girl, who thinks night and day--ah, she herself knows not what! They whisper--but who can understand so soft an air?--whisper of a bridegroom and next year. The young girl listens, the tree softly rustles; yearning, wondering, she sinks smiling into sleep and dreams.

Intermezzo

In wondrous joy I hold your image deep in my heart. It looks at me, so happy and bright, every hour of the day. Softly my heart sings to itself an old and lovely song, that soars into the air and swiftly flies to you.

Er ist's (It's Here!)

Spring once again floats her blue ribbons on the breezes; sweet familiar scents drift full of promise through the country-side. Already violets are dreaming; soon they will appear. Listen, a harp sounds softly from afar! Spring, it is you indeed--it is you I have heard!

Batti, batti o bel Masetto (Beat me, beat me, my Masetto)

Beat me, beat me, my Masetto, beat your sorrowful Zerlina. Here I'll stand, like a lamb, I'll endure your every blow. I will let you tear my hair out! I will let you pluck my eyes out! And I'll kiss the hands that beat me, for my love is true, you know. Ah, I see now, you are heartless! Make it up, let's be united. Both contented and delighted. Night and day with you I'll spend.

Mai (May)

As May, all in flower, calls us to the meadows, come do not cease to bring close to your heart the countryside, the woods, the charming shades, the vast reflection of the moon over the shores of sleepy rivers; the path that ends where the road begins, and the air, the spring and the immense horizon; the horizon, modest and cheerful, which the world places as a lip at the bottom of the gown of the skies. Come, and let the gaze of the chaste stars, falling on the earth through so many veils, the tree, imbued with perfumes and songs, the warm wind of the south in the fields, and the shadow, and the sun, and the tide and the greenery, and the radiance of all nature, let them brighten, like a twofold flower, the beauty of your face and the love in your heart!

Mandoline (Mandolin)

The serenading swains and their lovely listeners exchange insipid remarks under the singing boughs. There is Tircis and there is Aminta, and the eternal Clitander, and there is Damis, who for many cruel ladies fashions many tender verses. Their short silken vests, their long dresses with trains, their elegance, their gaiety and their soft blue shadows whirl madly in the ecstasy of a moon rose and gray, and the mandolin chatters amid the trembling of the breeze.

Ici-bas (Here Below)

Here below, lilacs die and never is bird song more than short refrain, I dream of summer days that forever remain. Here below, where lips lightly sever and leave no trace of beauty's reign, I dream of kisses fond that forever remain. Here below, me in vain endeavor weep for their love's or friendship's pain, I dream of lovers who forever remain.

Reve d'Amour (Dream of Love)

If there is a charming lawn which the sky moistens, where in each season is born some flower that blooms, where one gathers freely. Lilies, honey-suckle and jasmine, I would make of it the path on which your foot treads. If there is a very loving breast disposed to honor, whose tender devotion has nothing of the morose, if always this noble breast beats with worthy design, I would make of it the cushion on which your forehead rests. If there is a dream of love perfumed with roses, in which one finds each day some sweet thing, a dream that God blesses, where soul to soul is united, Oh! I would make of it the nest in which your heart rests.